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S.F.I.

SCREAMS FROM INSIDE #5

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interview w/ Kent McCleod
article about gentrification,
stories, thoughts,
record and zine
reviews. ♡

An Intro

The next morning I go back in bed with him. I lay there trying to make light of the whole situation. I started to cry. I fall between the bed and the wall trying to hide my pain. Wishing just once there would be no more sour grapes. I turn on the bath and sit inside. The bubbles and warmth calm me. I can only be good to myself. No one else can. I put on my nightgown and go wake him up. I couldn't help but as I was lying in his arms I started crying again. I didn't think he'd notice and even if he did I figured he would ignore it. He asks if I want to talk about it. I tell him to take his shower and let me calm down. Then we'll discuss it. He goes into the bathroom. I hear the door click locked. I pick up a picture of when I was three and a half years old. I look in the eye of the child I once was. All I see is love in those eyes. Never do I see the looks of hate and sorrow that I give today. My pale unblemished face shows no signs of exhaustion or scars from pain. It doesn't show the lines and expression of indifference that life gives you. I see my reflection in the picture. I see what a beautiful woman I have become. Beauty tainted with swollen pink eyes from crying so much. Beauty tainted by the hysterical sorrow they caused me. Never at that age would I think I would be the person am today. Brick by brick they took it away. Grade school, how they taunted every feature: how I had to struggle to get one or two of them to talk to me. The many days on the playground sitting in the corner alone dreaming of having someone talk to me. High School being the different one: sitting by myself at the lunch table always waiting to part of their group. Rejected by boy upon boy upon boy. Taught my whole life that acceptance by boys is my only worth. How the world has hurt that beautiful little child who was so happy eating her chocolates and wearing her light yellow dress and smiling for daddy. I told him he took my last brick of innocence away cause that is how I felt at that moment. But now I know that there are so many different bricks all over that I haven't experienced. You only lose your innocence when you think you lose your innocence. And once you do that you have lost out on living.

General Info

Distribution is 2,000. Copies are $1.00 or trade by mail, and 25¢ in stores. If you are nice enough to distribute this zine, distro rates are: For ten or more 25¢ each, for 30 or more 10¢ each. In Europe, for 10 or more 50¢ each and for 30 or more 25¢ each.
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Thank You: all who have written, sent items for review, reviewed this zine, used my ads, and helped to distribute. I would be no where without you. I, also, thank my loving family for their sopport.
Photo Credits: Meechelle/Jumbo Shrimp, Chad Stroup
Contributors: Kent McClard

Most people exist, but few live.
They all taught you to build a wall around yourself. They all told you not to say it. That way no one will know you're sinning. Yea, sure, its okay to talk about sex and religion these days, but we are too scared to discuss our private lives, our private feelings which have everything to do with sex, religion, and whatever else. Our parents gave us the fear they received, and we pass it down generation after generation. What are you afraid of? Are you scared they will use it against you? Who? Nothing can scare me. Nothing can hurt me. Fear. Its such a funny notion. People fear those who have no fear. People are afraid of those who will look at them. Who will dare to look. This same very fear which makes you weaklings move far off from the cities. You're so afraid of others that you move into the identical boxes that are so ugly, and you are away with those the same. You are right in the middle of it. The conformism, the sameness, the power of the group, This is where the danger is and your fear brought you right there.
You look for a drink, some drug, something to calm you down, something so you won't have to think about it. All the while you are slowly killing yourself. I don't need drugs to calm my anxiety. My anxiety will make me fight, and yell, and say what I fear, what I'm sad about, I will stand on the mountain and scream till they do it my way. You never will cause you swallowed all they taught you.. You got a big A+ on all your exams. You memorized it, and spat it out just how they wanted and now you are living in the valley of sameness. Now you work as a slave for a company who could give a shit who you are. Yea, you sure did win, huh. You grew up and lived the way they wanted you to and died.
You did it their way.
You are a memory, a picture in a scrapbook, left in a dusty attack. You didn't live to make it mean something. You lived the easy way. You are nothing.

"Man is born to suffer; pain is the means of his preservation. His childhood is happy, knowing only pain of bodily. These bodily sufferings are much less cruel, much less painful, than other forms of suffering, and they rarely lead to self distruction. It is not the twinges of gout which make a man kill himself, it is mental suffering that leads to despair. We pity the sufferings of children; we should pity ourselves; our worst sorrows are of our own making" -Rousseau

"Crazy. You know, once upon a time crazy used to mean something. Now everyone's crazy. Its no big deal to be crazy these days."
(Charles Manson)

I was sitting at Shelly's work (Sandwich Hut) and one of her co-workers say to me, "Why are you so quiet?" I grin and respond,, "Why do you talk?" Some people are what we consider to be crazy. But we are all crazy. Crazy to talk to each other, crazy to go to work, to slave away for $4.25 an hour. It is all craziness. The only way to react to it sanely would be to act crazy back. We all have to be friendly, and sweet, and agreeable in the lies we tell. This is what our society calls sanity. They want to fix me so I can recite the lies they tell me. They never told me they were sorry for the lies they told, for the way they taunted me. I am called crazy because I refuse to pardon them.
I cause my own destruction before the world can. I beat myself up. I criticize. I throw myself against the wall. I am living in circles. I have my secret I can tell nobody and that is how I live. I have my secrecy and I have my intelligence, these things destroy me as they take care of me.

I walk into a liquor store near the "bad" part of Minneapolis. I sit down in the middle and watch. There are boxes of liquor and beer stacked on top of each other-the drugs the government say is okay. There is a long line at the cash register. They also sell cigarettes and lottery tickets more useless addictions to help one cope with life. The hard faces full of lines from experience one by one they pay their money and go out to their lives. They drink themselves away another pitiful night. The cashier looks up like the devil killing many to make a buck. "you have no conscience," I say to him, knock over the bottles and walk out the door.
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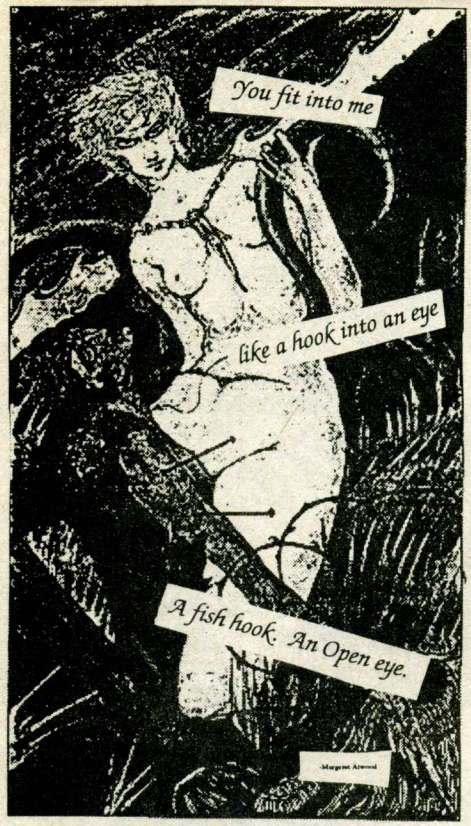
"SOMETIMES," SAID THE SKINHORSE, FOR HE WAS ALWAYS TRUTHFUL. "WHEN YOU ARE REAL YOU DON'T MIND BEING HURT." "DOES IT HAPPEN ALL AT ONCE, LIKE BEING WOUND UP," HE ASKED. "or bit by bit"
IT DOESN'T HAPPEN ALL AT ONCE," said the skinhorse. "YOU BECOME IT. TAKES A long time. THAT'S WHY IT DOESN'T OFTEN HAPPEN TO PEOPLE WHO BREAK EASILY, or have sharp edges, or who have to be carefully kept. GENERALLY, by the time you are REAL, most of your hair has been loved off, and your eyes drop out and you get loose in the joints and very shabby. But those things don't matter at all because once you are REAL, you can't be ugly, except to people who don't understand."

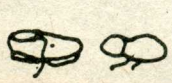


Shelly's vile eyes can be foreseen from miles away. Across a shadowy forest or a hazy mountain side, the power of them paralyzes you. I met her while I was seeing my first boyfriend. That boyfriend would leave me soon, not that I was aware of that. The night we broke up, he shattered a window in his room with his fists. There was a show going on in the basement. The whole scene was rather dramatic. I think he had a flair for making matters dramatic. I became rather accustomed to these type confrontations and the two of us would have them often. I was pretty torn up about the whole affair; took me months to get over it. Going to shows completely sucked whenever he was there.

Shelly used to come up to me and talk to me about him at shows. It was good for me to be able to talk about this subject with someone, no one else wanted to talk about it. She would sit on the lap of her boyfriend and act all sweet to his face, and as soon as he walked out the room, she would blame him for all the evils in the world. She made me terrified of him. She made me hate him. I guess I fell in love with her the day I met her. I wanted to protect her from all the wretched occurrences that transpired in her world. I wanted to give her the love that would take her out of her petty existence. I wanted to rescue her.

In February of that year, Shelly moved into my home. For the next several months, we were continuously with each other. We'd pee together, have fart fights with each other, take showers together. I would proudly hold her hand as we walked down the street and kiss her in front of large groups of strangers. I don't remember so many momentous occasions with somebody, so many crazy times, so many interesting conversations. It probably was the best time of my life. She made me do things I'd never dare to do. There was this one night: we were at the bus stop on Franklin Avenue, and this unsightly car hits the back of a Mercedes. The driver of the Mercedes gets out to talk to the other driver. As his head turns to talk to the other driver, we run to his car and get in. We drove it around for three or four hours, and then left it at my X-boyfriend's house the next morning. Another time, I had this dreadful one night stand. Shelly walks in, in the middle of it, and sits on the bed and smokes a cigarette. I begin to tell her how I wished this guy was my X and how horrible this whole thing felt. She made me put some underwear on, and we went into her room, and laid in each other's arms. I cried all night. Just like a guy, I left him alone in my bed.

The whole time all this beautiful female bonding was going on, Shelly was sleeping with my X. I didn't know how she found the time, since she was around me constantly. I guess she had a talent for being deceitful. These two people, the only people that ever said they loved me, were deceiving me behind my back. This is how one becomes bitter. You ask why I'm a negative person, look over there; look at those two people, THEY caused it.



I jumped right on top of her, pulling and scratching with all my might, but my fighting wasn't good enough. With one punch I fell to the floor, with a few more kicks I was unconscious. I woke up the next day around three in the afternoon. My friend Adrienne came by and saw me lying on the floor. I guess Shelly fled the scene. Adrienne took me into her house, and I hid there for a week.

Shelly came back begging for my forgiveness, and I loved her so much, I was so afraid to lose her, that I took her back. She promised never to see him again. That's when the real abuse started. Screaming arguments that left me running to the bathroom in tears; locking it so she couldn't come in; hearing her scream on the outside, "You get what you give." At times she would get so irate, she would throw things at me and start to hit me. Once I would start to hit her back, she would giggle as I slapped her.

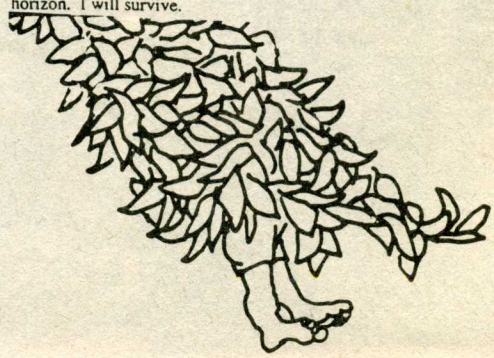
Her journal was resting on the kitchen counter one sunny Sunday afternoon. I read it to find out she was still seeing him. They were going out the whole time: seven months. She kept this from me for seven months. She would make excuses, telling me she was getting cat food or cigarettes. I would sit up the whole night paranoid that she was with him. She would constantly come up with new phrases he would say, or she would casually say to me, "Did he ever tell you that you were....?" She would watch me get sad. She loved to watch me get sad. She would attempt to make me cry. She would say proudly to strangers that she can make me have a nervous breakdown. Why couldn't I see this all before?

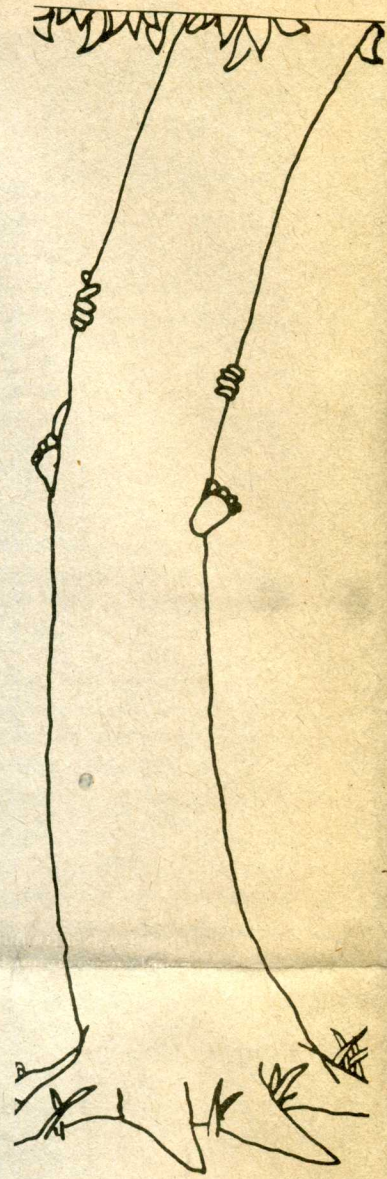
I sprinted to her work. I started reading her journal to her, out loud, right in front of a customer. I read the part where she was having sex with him. This customer was an old man trying to use his cash card as a credit card. Shelly was a bit distracted. The card kept fucking up the machine. Her manager tries to kick me out. She is forcing me out the door, so I propelled back. Then, I am hit with a revelation. There is no more point in arguing, no more point in fighting for someone who has no respect for me. I voluntarily walk out the door and go home. I throw all of Shelly's stuff on the front lawn. The next morning, it is all cleaned up. Either someone stole it all, or she got it...probably with him. When I look back on all of this, I think that I might have been a little rash. After all, she did leave behind $700 worth of bills, which I spent the whole summer paying off. But then again, she soon proved to me that I made the right choice:

It was the last straw. Three nights after all this stuff happened, I am sitting on my couch watching television. Shelly gets into my apartment and sits in front of me. She opens her book bag and pulls out a screwdriver and threatens to destroy my face with it. She is chasing me through the apartment. My friend Frank just happens to pop in, just in the nick of time. He punches her, and once she falls to the ground, he drags her body out the door.

She still has the keys to my apartment. She still has a way to get back in. I thought one night she would come back to do something more horrible, but she didn't. All she would do was call me. At 3:00 in the morning I would receive nasty phone calls about what she was gonna do to me, but she never came by. It frightens me that she wants revenge from someone who didn't even hurt her. She expected me to love her and just accept the nasty things she did to me, but I couldn't. She wanted everything from me, without giving anything in return. This was her definition of true love, the love she thought she deserved.

Shelly used to say to me that in life it didn't matter what you do, cause NOTHING MATTERS. She believed that there were no consequences: what's done is done. Shelly had no conscious. She had no conscious of me, or anyone around her. She wasn't even conscious of herself. I think this is the reason she dared so much, and was able to manipulate me into daring too. Its like she walked around on the earth not even existing. If there is no ethical code on what to do to another person; if there is no conscious awareness of others around you, than you don't really exist. I couldn't believe how easy it was to push Shelly aside and ignore her. Sure there was love that existed in our friendship, but was there respect? My feelings matter, my life matters, my heart matters.....I'm not gonna put up with the loss of these things so I could have someone's 'love'. Someone who will suck my blood till I fall to the floor and die. This is not OK. There are some things you don't do. There is no such thing as inventing your own brand of justice. For centuries, people have been using false reasoning to back up evil deeds. Sometimes, you need to face up to what you have done, rather than just walking away, or lying. Today is my darkest day. I sit in a dark room alone. But just underneath the slit in the door, I can see the brightest light. I know that light will lead me over the threshold. The light is my heart. It is my honesty and goodness. This light got me through this situation with Shelly, and I know this light will get me through any situation to come. There is hope over the horizon. I will survive.





Gentrification

Gentrification is the social advancement of an inner urban area by the arrival of affluent middle class residents. The term gentrification suggests the return of some sort of landed aristocracy to the inner city from some place outside the urban area. It was originally coined by Ruth Glass (1964) to describe the changes in London neighborhoods in the late 1950s and 60s. The term 'gentry' is much more appropriate for describing British stratification patterns than American. The actors in the gentrification are not gentry, or even upper middle class, especially in the early stages, when the renovators themselves are marginally middle class. It is D.I.Y. labor. Renovators are not gentry; they are solid working class blue collar workers with lots of kids, young families, and lower middle class.

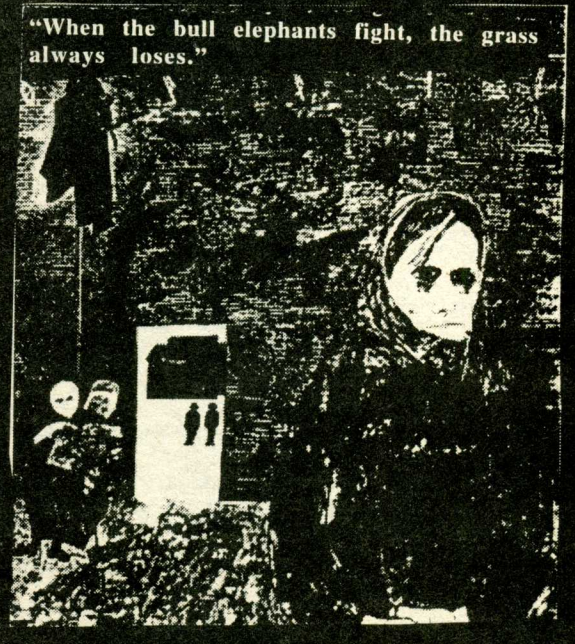
I was about 3 1/2 years old when my parents purchased a house on the north side of St. Louis. It was an eight bedroom mansion that cost around $20,000. It was for our family of 6 children. My first memory goes back to walking up the stairs of that hauntingly prodigious house in my white stockings and white dress. At the end of the day, my parents found me completely black from head to toe. This was how dirty we found this house my parents just bought. We were stuck with a huge elephant. A huge elephant without the luxuries of pluming or electricity. A huge elephant with a tar kitchen floor and a leaking roof. A huge elephant that my parents could barely afford to heat. In the winter time, only a few room were heated. In the summer, we suffered without air conditioning. My mother piled her 5 small children into a pinto everyday where we would go anywhere, cool or warm: shopping malls, grocery stores. Sometimes we would stay all day from lack of anything better to do.

A large portion of change occurring around the inner city results from the process of local intergenerational upward mobility of younger adults. Actually, gentrification only accounts for a tiny fraction of any city's neighborhood and housing stock. It usually happens in neighborhoods that housed early elite, originally constructed with marble mantles, woodwork, ect. and situated in areas with good transportation access to the central business district. There is a limited number of city neighborhoods that have these characteristics. For neighborhood revitalization to truly have effect it must spill over into more numerous 'gray areas' of the cities. The data on displacement of poor, black, ethnic minorities, and aged is ambiguous and contradictory. Alot of what is identified as gentrification/displacement are found as a result of surveys. In most cities, only 100-200 people are truly displaced. Others such as DC. or San Francisco have displacement in the low thousands at most.

My mother would sit the whole day with nothing to do. Sometimes a person has an entity moving within her that makes her want to get up and do something. But what choices were there for an uneducated foreign woman? She had a little money left over from a job she held in her last marriage. She decided she'd use it to start a little business. The first thing she bought was a rooming house in an even worse neighborhood than the one we were living in. The house was in shambles; people were living fifteen to a room. All of my mother's children came to the rooming house while she worked. Since my mom couldn't keep an eye on the little ones, that was my responsibility. Down the street I'd scurry with my sisters and brothers to the Wilson's house. My mother was soon informed by district 7 police officers that James Wilson, a man living with our playmates, one night, got drunk, and beat his wife to death with the back of a hammer. He woke up the next morning with a terrible hangover and the realization of his own stupidity. He messed the house up and made the situation look like a robbery. The police were called many times to intervene in domestic disputes between the Wilson's. This made James Wilson a prime suspect in her murder. James was put away for 5 and a half years. He was paroled because the prisons were overcrowded. After my mother heard this news, she was weary of having us playing at the Wilson's house. We were only allowed to play with the Wilson kids in front of the rooming house. As time went by, the rooming house became too problematic for my mom to hold onto. She decided she'd turn it back into what it was originally: a house. With the profits from the sale, she bought a large yellow apartment building in South City.

The yellow city, named by my little sister Jessica, was a section 8 building. Section 8 is a government program that subsidizes rent for low income families. The program seems to be a good idea except the mother has to pick up the check and suffer constant interference in the affairs of her family. Furthermore, few good buildings take section 8 people because they are risky tenants.

Every so often an inspector came to check my mother's building. He would find a crack on the ceiling of the closet, and he would not let her pass inspection. He wouldn't even be specific about it. He would just say, "crack on the wall." My mother would fill in every crack she could see, and he'd still come back to the same closet seeing the crack, refusing to let her pass inspection. There were many other buildings in that street with stairwells falling down, no storm windows, rotten sanitation, and unpainted walls. My mother later figured out that the inspector was waiting to be bribed. Other landlords couldn't afford to pay for needed renovation cause the rent was to low. As a result, they bribed inspectors.



"When the bull elephants fight, the grass always loses."

This concern with displacement is used to distract attention from more important policy issues. Not all landlords are major corporations yet the government seems to put all the responsibility of housing problems on the independent landlord. Commercial rental companies are long gone. Rental buildings are owned invariably by the small business man, who invests his entire savings in the building. Landlords are made out to be 'exploiters of the poor' while the politicians get electoral benefit and undermine the rental market. Not only is this bad for the landlord, but the tenant gets what he pays for: a rat infested slum apartment. In order for there to be nicer apartments, landlords need to make more money.

When I was fifteen, I lived in one of my mom's buildings for the summer. Next door, there was a family with 12 kids. The boyfriend would sit outside on the front porch with a forty constantly trying to persuade me to come inside. My parents left to Minnesota, and I had parties every night. Soon, these parties grew to be more than a place for the St. Louis skinhead, punk, and alternative crowds to hang out. It grew to be a neighborhood community center of sorts. It was the thing to do; come to my apartment building after work. People would even bring their kids.

By the time my parents came back the apartment was devastated. There were liquor bottles and cigarette butts everywhere, broken windows from late night brawls and slam dancing to bands I had play there. My parents made me move home because they felt they could not trust me. When I was living in that neighborhood I realized most people really don't know what is going on in the bad parts of town. They don't know anyone from these areas. Many in their entire lifetimes have not spoken more than three words to them. People assume poverty is slowly being eradicated, that economic inequality between races is being eliminated. These perceptions allow the general public to be complacent, to allow what is happening to the lower and middle classes to continue. A person makes less money than they did 20 years ago, while inflation has tripled. A person's rent is supposed to equal one-third of their earned income. Now rent is more than half of a person's income. There is less and less low income housing available. Prices of everything are rising, and people don't make any money. Welfare programs were presented to bring someone over the poverty threshold. However, it keeps them just below it. Food, housing, and child care programs have been deeply cut in the federal budget while military spending increased to up to 60% of the federal budget in the last ten years. Government can find an appropriate federal budget by cutting military and domestic expenses. However, they keep cutting at state programs that run on minimal expenses. Why do they do this? ..to save money in the short run. What they don't realize is that deterioration is incremental, not sudden or symbolic. The system has to completely redefine itself or it will soon collapse.

It wasn't till I was 18 that my mother perstuaded me into moving into her building on Eastgate. The gang situation elevated beyond control in that area. My mother figured I had to be stupid to do the things I did when I was 15. Johnny Walker lived next door to me and was appointed by my mom as the guy who watches out for me. His 15 year old daughter got pregnant. My mother gave her money for an abortion, but her grandmother later took it because she said she needed treatment for depression. Everyday, something new would happen to me: little kids would molest me in the streets. I'd be harassed, mugged, beaten up, and chased. There was a man named Simpson living downstairs from me. I would see people constantly going in and out of the building. Gradually, there were more and more, some were prostitutes, others looked malnourished and dirty. I'd see them leaving their babies outside the door crying. On arriving to their crying child, they would slap him, warning him that he would get a severe beating if he continued to cry. The child would bite down on his lips and hold on the best he could. The child one day grew to be so emotionless, there was no limit to what he could do to destroy.

The police started getting closer and closer to the truth about Simpson. They had an undercover cop living in the apartment upstairs form me. She would have her boyfriend come over all the time. Sometimes, in the middle of the night, I would hear screaming. I could hear bodies falling to the floor. He was beating her so bad, she had to call the police to get him away. She attracted too much attention. The police get rid of her, and replace her with another cop. Simpson and this new undercover cop grow to be rather close, but Simpson isn't being put away. My mother later finds out that this cop is a crack addict and Simpson is his dealer. There was a line up outside my building one afternoon. Later, I look out my window seeing Simpson throwing up. Many crack dealers will store crack in their mouth, so if they are caught, they can just swallow it.

I just lost my job. My mom gave me money to help p Johnny Walker clean out the cop's apartment and evict him. There was absolutely no food in the apartment. Apparently, crack takes away your hunger. After hours of cleaning, Johnny finds three glass tubes and places them on the kitchen counter. My mother makes attempts to get the police to help her throw the crack addicts out of her apartment, but no one would help her. Many people don't really think there is any problem because they don't have to deal with it. They don't live with it. Forty percent of people in the US live in the city, while 60% live in the suburbs. Cities like St. Louis, MO(my home town) had lost 27% of its population. The suburbs of St. Louis had an 10% increase in population. This means there is a shift in political influence to suburban districts.

Since we live in a democracy, many groups aren't represented if they are out voted. For example, since black people are the minority, any leader that represents them will be outvoted by the white majority. Even if the vote is 49 to 51, one is the winner and the other 49% is not represented. There are 79 urban congressional districts, 228 suburban districts and 128 rural districts. Political might is turning federal priorities away fro those who need help the most. Once people acquire the financial means for mobility, they move away from the city. Those left behind are consistently dependent on the government for help. As the tax base is diminished by the loss of the middle class income population, the local government is financially unable to provide the services needed for citizens of any income level. As a result, there are tax increases and service cutbacks as cities attempt to cope with these population changes. More and more of the middle and upper income citizens are driven out while lowest income citizens have less and less of an opportunity to escape from the effects of concentrated poverty. On e in five city residents lives in poverty. This rate is more than double the suburban rate. In suburbs, housing and zoning restrictions exclude poor residents.

References: National Urban Coalition - Vertzman handbook - Mayer, J. M.R. building American Cities - Analytical analysis of the US conference of mayors - Critical Issue - Enterprise Zones - Butler, S.H. Palen, J.J. and London, B. Gentrification, Displacement, and neighborhood revitalization - Ohls, J. C.M. Bryant, N.Y. Bach, M.L. "American Children triumph Against Tragedy

A boy walks up to me and my brother and a pal at Denny's. He starts talking about Earth Crisis and veganism and various other things young, impressionable white male wanna be sxedgers talk about. A year ago he finds himself blown away by the idea of sxe and veganism. He finds himself a group of nice young chaps to hang with. They all dress in the neat jock gangster trendy style which doesn't scare their parents too much. They go to these hot overcrowded places deep in the city, the dangerous city, far away from their suburban home. Here, they find their manhood. Here, they sweat among each other, pat each other on the back, do dick tricks, play like they're fucking each other up the ass, sing to each other. If I didn't know any better I would think these men were in love with each other. Its almost like their love for each other far surpasses the love they feel for womyn. In fact, the scene almost seems to hate womyn. Maybe cause they are too much like society, or not macho enough. All their highly idealistic ethics don't include womyn. Times they are a changin. There is so much technology now that there's no need for housewives. Childbearing takes five, ten years tops. Womyn find themselves fighting for the same positions men have. We are the first generation to have to do this. We have no one to look up to, we are the ones to set the example. Our older sisters in the olden days didn't need to bother fighting men for jobs. They were already guaranteed jobs as the mother of 12 children, somebody needs to farm the farm and churn the butter. We are living in a different time. And its not just nice to treat womyn equally, its a necessity. We will be supporting families in the future off our backs, and we need support too.

So you go to chokehold and Raid at the Zodiac. You see boy after boy buying and selling in this miniature market place, talking band talk, a grrl dressed just like them(possibly because of the atmosphere, she's ashamed to be a female) walks in and tries to join in, but polite conversation does not win with these guys. You got to demand your way, you've got to but in and say it your way or you lose. she doesn't understand this. Grrls were taught to listen to what the other speaker says, to wait her turn, to suggest but not demand.

She gets frustrated and tries to win by her type of argument. The boys refuse to see it her way, in fact, they don't know how to see it her way. They just put it off as irrational talk because they don't understand it. The rejected grrl walks away. Another guy bumps into her as he is carrying a speaker. She falls to the ground. He gives her a slightly mean stare and walks on. Apparently, she wasn't even important enough to say excuse me to.

You sxe guys must really hate womyn. this is shown in the way you treat them, the way you speak of them, the way you speak to them, and what you think of them. I'm sorry I have been into sxe for five years now and I have tried everything I could think of to try to please you guys, to prove to you guys I'm just as smart as you. I was treated better by punks and skinheads when the movement was "dangerous." Rednecks treat me with more respect than you guys.

Many people ask me why I take this abuse. I thought about it the other day, and I came to the conclusion that this group is so bad, so backward thinking that someone has got to say something. Since I know very well what is going on with these boys I feel responsible for it. I feel its my responsibility to try and change for me and all womyn.

Mouthpiece scream out their van, "hey baby, hey baby" What is going through their minds? What do they think they are saying? I worked and studied just as hard, maybe even harder than every man I've ever known. I should have the right to go and do whatever men do without feeling penalized for it. I hope one day one of those guys will experience a dick up their ass, or in their mouth, I hope someday they come to an understanding of just how degraded I felt that day.

Some sxe band played in Indianapolis at some festival wearing shirts that say, "I'm gay." Perhaps this explains the whole movement. A bunch of boys afraid to death of the strength of womyn and hiding in this cheap display of manhood. Sure, they are not gay. I wouldn't insult the word 'gay' by saying that they are gay. I'm saying they are worshipping masculinity, power, fame, and these are the very things that bring about war, corruption, corporations owning us, wife beating, drugs, and alcohol abuse. Maybe the thinking has got to move somewhere else. It just would be nice as a woman to be part of this whole thing, somewhere. To once in a while go and see a grrl sxe band play, and see grrls screaming in the microphones at each other, or, even better, boys and grrls. But that won't happen. Men have got to change themselves. Womyn have done all the changing they can. Its men's turn now. They have to start reading and thinking about this. We have carried the burden too long. You need us just as bad as we need you.

So the sxe vegan boy tells me his little spiel about why he is vegan and sxe. He walks off, thinking he's told me what he wanted to say. I grab him and say, "you're not gonna run away from me anymore. You're gonna sit down and shut up and listen to what I have to say." So now I am the bitch of St. Louis. According to him I'm not aloud to do that. According to everyone I'm not aloud to do that.

"Banking was conceived in tautly and born in sin....Bankers own the earth. Take it away from them, but leave them the power to create money, and with a flick of a pen, they will create enough money to buy it back...Take away this great power from them, all great fortunes like mine will disappear, and they ought to disappear for then this would be a better and happier world to live in...But if you want to continue to be slaves o bankers and pay the cost of your own slavery, then let the bankers continue to create money and control credit."

In 1913, two bills passed through congress. These bills were passed on a day that congress wasn't even in session by three senators. These two bills are the Federal Reserve Act and the Income tax act.

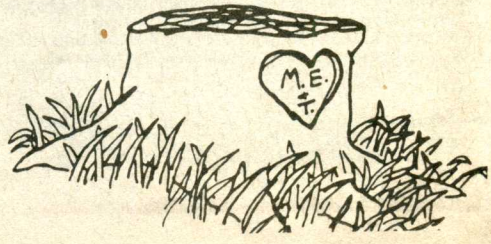
You might be stupid enough to believe that the Federal Reserve is a bank owned by our own government. In reality, the FED is owned by a small group of private entities, some of whom don't even live in this country. That's right. The US. money isn't even owned by the US. The FED has the power to create money. With the click of a computer switch, they can create millions of dollars. It costs the Fed the same to create a $100 bill as it does a 1$ bill, because all they need to pay for is to print it. If you look at a dolor bill from 100 years ago it says on it that it will back up that dollar bill with gold or silver on demand. The FED was only required to pay 40% of the gold or silver on the bill. This was fine till the great depression came along, and there was a run on banks. At that time Franklin Roosevelt passed a law making the ownership of gold illegal. People accepted this law because they were told it would bring an end to the depression, and besides, bills were still backed by silver. In 1968, the silver backing was eliminated, and no one even seemed to care. Now our bills are backed up by IOUs. The FED has the right to create counterfeit money while we are not. They don't even get audited. This is what creates ridiculous rates of inflation that cause Americans to work for no money which can buy no goods. We have to pay the FED the interest on all the money they pay into the system. The national debt is the money the government asks the fed to put into the system. Apparently, there are two types of government: the constitutionally run government and the invisible government. This invisible government controls the value of our money, thus, they control the value of our labor and savings, thus, they control us. They own us.

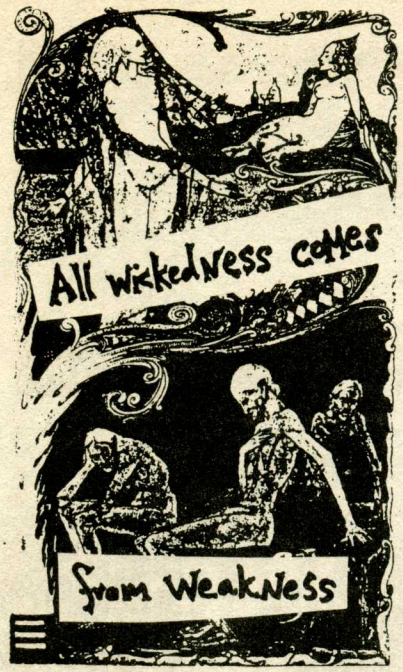
Once upon a time government was supported by taxation on shipping and import duties foreign merchants paid the federal government. This means that foreigners and non resident aliens, not US citizens, paid the tax that supported the government. Direct taxes were only used during time of war. The Income tax law changed all this.

If you ever read your tax form thoroughly you will notice these words written on it:
"Dear Taxpayer, Thank you for making this nations tax system the most effective system of *voluntary* compliance in the world." The US constitution is a contract between the people and the government. Without the people behind it, there is no government. The 5th amendment of the constitution says that no one should feel compelled to testify against himself. However, when you sign the 1040, you give the government the right to pass you financial information to anyone: cities, states, federal agencies, even foreign countries. Theoretically, you are not required to pay income tax. You are tricked into doing it. You can avoid this by not signing the 1040 form. For example, in Redfeild V. Fisher, the court ruled that an individual, unlike a corporation, cannot be taxed for the mere privilege of existing, but that the individual's right upon which an excise cannot be imposed. This person refused to sign the income tax form; you can do this too. One third of those taxes go to the FED to pay for our national debt. We pay them to enslave us.

My friend Michelle and I went to this coffee shop, and there was no place to park. So, we parked in the Burger King Parking lot. Cedar Towing, a private towing company, had a guy watching cars to see how long they parked there. If they were there longer than 30 minutes, he would tow the cars. Michelle's car was towed. It cost us $125 to get the car back. Wouldn't you think that a private organization shouldn't be blessed with the right to take your car and blackmail you into paying them money to get it back? Isn't that stealing? This company could charge us what they wanted for a service the government should have taken care. It should of been the police who towed our car, not a private company.

I realized that night that just about everything is owned by private companies. These private companies own the right to do illegal activities. Government creates new drugs, new discoveries, problems, which the private corporations pay for and sell to the people at any price. These things shouldn't be allowed to be purchased. They should be distributed by our own government. They were created by the people and they should be owned by the people. I disagree with the notion of capitalism, and communism doesn't seem to work. I'm not saying government should own everything, because government is just as deceitful as private industry. I'm saying it needs to regulate big business. I'm saying it needs to own the things that are for the good of the people. There shouldn't be private insurance companies. These people only take advantage of the people, lobbying government to allow them to ask for any rate they want to charge. Insurance is something that should be government run and subsidized. Its time the people rule, not the hidden few. Its time we get to stand up. We keep squabbling among each other over silly things. We keep begging the government to make small changes, when really the government needs a major overhaul. We can't even figure out what is really wrong with this country, but one day we will. One day, things will get so bad that people will have to do something, rather than sitting back in their chairs with cynical eyes watching the television across the room.





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I think I was about fourteen or fifteen when I first got high. I was sitting around at my apartment with a couple of friends Shelly and Bridget. I remember we were just sitting there and out of nowhere I spit water at Bridget. Bridget was not the type to take this lying down. She grabbed her glass of water and poured the whole thing at me. As she is running to the kitchen to get another glass I run into the bathroom. I am wearing her clothes, something she is very particular about. I turn on the shower and get myself all wet. Bridget heard my laughter. She was concerned I was crying and rushed to my aid. I open the door and say. "Try to get me wet now!"

Cold and dripping Shelly took my wet clothes off and put some dry clothes on. I kept making like she was molesting me. We go in the car and drive to Denny's. Bridget turns on this terrible alternative song. But, it was crazy. I never heard music like that. No wonder stoners and ravers listen to such bad music. I wondered what punk rock sounded like when you're high. Never to that intensity, its like the music took over the world. It filled my ears with power, will, desire, freedom, happiness. I felt my whole world being taken over by it. I felt so crazy. I see the world float by with the beat of that incredibly bad alternative song. I can still hear the music fill my ears to this day. And I step back and faint by its beauty, its intensity in my life at that moment.

It didn't end there. This was a new toy to play with; this would give me all that life was missing for so long. This would allow me to dare. I went crazier and crazier. I didn't care what anyone thought. I'd sleep on street corners, and would not wash for days. I was hardly ever home, but my parents had so many kids, they didn't really notice. Every so often they would walk up to me asking me what happened to the vodka or bourbon from the liquor cabinet. I blamed it on one of my sisters. For some reason, they always went for that. Maybe they wanted to believe everything was O.K.

I would get my drugs from this one guy, Norman. Norman was 35 years old. He lived on 2nd street close to downtown, on the 20th floor of this large housing complex. He was heavy set. The ground would shake as he walked. It seemed like everything was always shaking around him. He went to alot of punk shows, and he never seemed to belong. He would just sit in the corning writing in a green book. Kids would come up to him. They would leave to the back of the club where they would exchange money for drugs. He would give me drugs for free, all I had to do was run errands for him.

At first I would carry containers full of drugs across town. Later he made me call people who owed him money. When He got me addicted to heroin, he made me do even worse things. It was a Saturday night. There was a party at Norman's apartment. There were alot of parties at Norman's, usually with alot of drugs. Norman took me into a room, sat me on his bed, tied up my arm, and gave me a dose of heroin, alot of it. He gave me so much tha I laid on his bed the whole night oblivious to the loud party going on around me. That night I remember him taking tons of crystal meth amphetamine. At around three in the morning, after everyone left, him and his grrlfriend came into that room, locked the door, tied me to a chair, and raped me. They put a silk scarf over my eyes and fucked me like I was a dead body. I could feel sharp utensils being shoved inside of me, leaving scars I could never get rid of, and probably leaving me without the ability to have children. They were on a high; I was on a low. I couldn't do anything. I couldn't even tell the police because what I was doing was illegal as well.

I remained working for Norman. You ask why I didn't get out. I couldn't, I was a junkie. By the time I was seventeen, he had a whole club of us. We were sent on errands all over town, all in the name of Norman. The shit that we'd do....Norman would want more money to expand his drug ring, so he would have us steal car stereos. We would go to all the rich parts of town: Ladue, chesterfield, ..and find the nicest cars: porches, Ferraris, Rolls Royce's....We would steal the car stereos, and spray paint "Asshole" all over the car. We were never suspected. No one watched out for a bunch of white kids cleanly dressed in flight jackets and jeans. Maybe they thought we were in the navy, who knows. It just amazes me what you can get away with. There was other absurdities I did, like hitting a hippie over the head with an acoustic guitar at a party; getting kicked out of a movie for pretending to be Freddy. I scared the shit out of this ten year old girl. The day after Christmas I went to this bridge which stretched over the highway with Shelly. Shelly took crystal meth amphetamine for the first time that night, and she threw a 20 LB brick over a bridge, on to the highway. It hit a car in the windshield. The next morning, I heard on the news, that she killed a stripper driving home from East St. Louis to her husband and one child.

I remember this one time I was walking down the street, drunk and stoned, and I saw this cop giving someone a ticket. Well, I just frieked and proceeded to jump on top of him. My flailing 100 LB body swaying around this huge 300 LB cop. Needless to say, I was quickly arrested and brought downtown. My parents came to pick me up. This was the first time they ever saw me like this.

That night we were crying and crying and crying. I guess part of me wanted the attention. I wanted people to see me. I realize now that the attention wasn't worth it, destroying myself like this wasn't worth the ability to dare or do crazy things. Fun wasn't worth this. For the next few months I went to treatment. I smoked thousands of cigarettes and screamed at my counselor that she didn't really know anything.

My parents and I never had been so close. I saw my family getting together and protecting one another. I know that I could never really win their trust back. Everything I say is taken in with a skeptical eye. They will never believe in me again. They are the only people I have, and they don't believe in me.

I left alot of people of people behind: Jim, Karen, Rosie, Vera, Leroy, Tim, Jeremy...All these people sat in a prison. No one ever came to rescue them, even me. Even me, who knew what they were going through. I knew what they were thinking. I knew that if I tried to help them to I would end up destroying myself again. They never spoke to me again, cause they were afraid I would tell, and they would have to be released from the prison they created.

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A stalker will follow around his victim, he will harass him daily, steal his underpants, watch him outside his apartment. His victim comes home and files through numerous messages on the answering machine. He feels such guilt cause he feels sorry for someone who feels so strongly for him, who bothers to call and leave messages for him so many times. He feels strongly for someone else.

He wish he could follow her around, and steal her underpants only he is scared people will be able to peep in; people will see he is just as crazy himself. For that reason, he is scared of this stalker. He calls the police and sets up a restraining order so he can't get close to him. Regardless, he sees him sitting on the fence 100 feet away within the amount of feet allowed by law. He is scared that he will do to him what he wants to do to her. He is profoundly afraid. He knows what will happen. Why does he know what will happen?

He picks up the phone and dials her phone number. He listens to her voice say, "hello, hello." The anxiety, the excitement of those few seconds are enough to fill his whole day. He works; he works very hard. He stands up in front of all these people. He worked so hard and all these people admire him, but he could care less. He looks in the crowd for her, but she is never there. She never saw what he could do. She probably didn't even remember him.

Sometimes he wishes he could be like the stalker, but he knows it wouldn't work. He spent all this time running around her hoping to get her attention. It seems as if it would of been easier if he would of just ran up and hugged her. But he knows what will happen. He knows, he believes, she will act just like he does to the stalker. So, he, just like all of us, goes his whole life wishing to go crazy over the one he waits for. The one he can not chase because he will be cast away and humiliated. We hear of a stalker on TV or we are victimized by one ourselves. We see ourselves feeling sorry for him, for showing us we'll never acquire the one we want no matter how hard we try. We all long for this kind of courage but at the same time we feel lucky we don't embody it.

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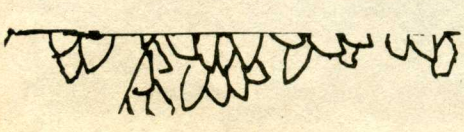

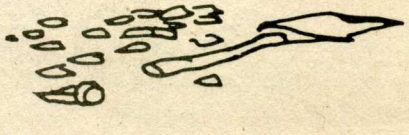

Justin had a friend who was part of the special forces in the army. The special forces are the military elite. Unlike the soldiers, they are very intelligent, they can't be brainwashed. They all sit around and talk liberal politics and pseudo intellectionalism. Their intellectualism is dangerous to the army but the army won't give them up because they spent so much money on them. Since modern war is all about electrodynamics, they must find people smart enough to figure that stuff out.

During the Russian revolution the special forces turned against Lenin's government . They promoted anarchy and passed out pamphlets to the lower solders. The Russian army overthrew the government and Russians couldn't do it without the army. I talk to people at Shelly's work . They don't understand how the corporation oppresses them. Are they just stupid? Or do they think they are worth no respect and reverence for their work? All we do is lead people. Intellects will rise above and the stupid will follow. One day we will win if we do it by computers, kids, or whatever line of work we get into whatever niche in the beaurocracy. Once someone dares to stand up we all will fallow and crush the system in the process.

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My zine says things I can't typically say in real life. I can sit and tell you my opinion, but I can't give you a scenario where you can understand it. Are all these crazy stories true? There are some true things , but those things are mostly true about other people's lives. I found that when I write a story, I examine existence, not reality. Who really cares what actually occurred? Occurrences have no point, there is no point to life, no answer, just millions and millions of different possibilities. I write about the realm of human possibilities, everything that man can become, everything that man is capable of.

When I read zines I look for a truth that the mainstream culture doesn't give. There is no regulations on what you can say in zines, so I feel I can find more in them than anywhere else. My truth is deeply rooted in some of my writings and right on the surface with others. A great philosopher said you can find truth in everything and everyone. However, there is only one truth expressed, and the truth doesn't necessarily please everyone.

I do not seem open minded, but I don't want to. With open mindedness there are no contents: no creativity, thoughts, beliefs, answers, opinions. There is nothing to fight for, only emptiness. To make a change one must be single minded, otherwise nothing ever gets done. You can sit back indifferent to what is going on around you. You can be a slave to another man's system, or you create your own system.

THE END

ebullition

August 95' Volume 5

Kent McClard interview

What made you want to start Ebullution records? What are you trying to accomplish, as far as helping the scene, and maybe even the world with this label? Fuck, I certainly don't think I can help the world. I'm just one guy trying to make a little room for me to live. Hardcore saved my life. It gave me a place to exist. I was an angry young man. Like a lot of kids, I felt alienated and confused. Hardcore helped me make sense of the world. It gave me an outlet for my anger and a place where my voice could be heard. Ebullition is no more than a vehicle for me to express myself, and it is no more than a vehicle for me to help others express themselves. I have a vision of the way hardcore should be practiced. It is a vision that a lot of bands and labels never lived up to. And why should they? this is just my vision. Ebullition is an attempt to see that vision realized. Threat by example, maybe.

Do you think what goes on in the scene can later be effective in the world? Like do you think that we as a scene can make an example or release ideas, news, ect. that media does not often present Do you think we can bring something new about? No. The world is a huge gigantic massive ball of earth. It is covered with billions of people that have vastly different ways of life, concepts of freedom, theories of right and wrong. We are all so different and yet so alike. It is foolish to believe that we can change the world. I once felt that it was possible, but I was a fool. The truth as I see it (and truth to me is always relative) is that we can hope only to create communities that allow us to exist in full dignity. I seek to create a strong scene not to change the world, but rather so that I will have a strong community to reside in. The scene is my neighborhood. A healthy neighborhood is a good place to live. This isn't to say that we as individuals can't effect other people around us, but it is better to expect failure and be surprised by success than to hope for the impossible. I am not really a pessimist, but to hope to change the world???!!!???

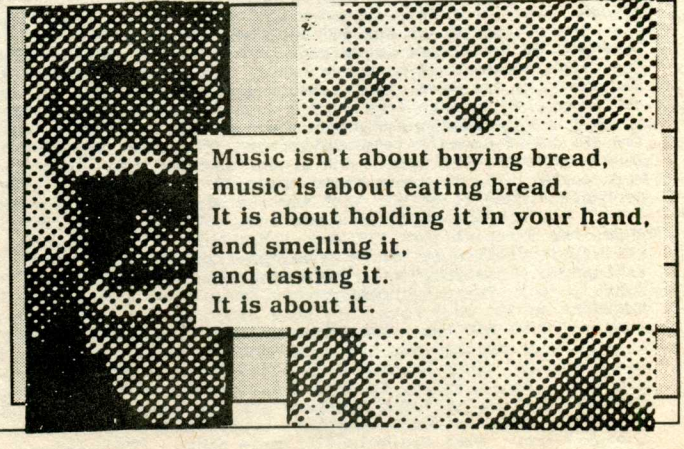
How did you start Ebullution records? How did you find out about pressing plants,printing places, was it easy? did you make alot of mistakes at first? Sure I made mistakes, but that's how life is, right? I just talked to people that had already put out records and got some numbers and went from there.It was surprisingly easy. Most things usually are once you actually get down to it....It all started about four years ago with the Downcast 7". They were housemates and friends. It was a natural starting point.

What was it about MRR that made you want to start Heartattack? What is specifically the reason for starting Heartattack? How is it going lately? Are you losing $ on it? I was angry that MRR claimed to be the voice of the punk/hardcore scene but at the same time they wouldn't review records that qualify as punk hardcore in my mind. I felt as though it was an abuse of power. I mean HaC is a little more than a magazine filled with bands and ideas I find interesting, but I don't make the claim that HaC is the voice of punk/harcore. I started HaC because I was afraid that with the changes that MRR was instigating a portion of the hardcore scene (a portion that has been vital to me in the last few years) would be excluded and ignored. I wanted HaC to be a voice for that section that was being cut off by MRR. Maybe that's what HaC has become, but maybe in the end HaC is just my version of MRR. I don't know. I can't really say what HaC is because everyday my mind set changes and everyday HaC has to change to meet my mind set. Life is change. (Oh yeah, HaC losses a little money, but the big problem is that it needs to help pay the rent and doesn't. I rented a larger office space to give HaC some room, and it doesn't manage to cover the rent increase, but that's my problem isn't it.)

What do you find are the most significant problems in this country and the world? You seem to mention alot about individuality and the importance of the individual, does that have any relevance to what you find a big problem now? Do you think there is a lack of individuality in the scene? Yeah, I value the ideal, but ultimately I really value the community called hardcore that is created by an army of individuals. I am always frustrated when people in the scene turn to conformity. Conformity teaches weakness and failure. Individuality teaches strength and success (success after all is defined by the individual). If this scene is to survive , to grow ,then it needs strength. We don't need followers and we don't need conformity. Diversity, debate, critical analysis, and conflict are what interest me. The world is a cess pool because people forgot to complain, and argue, and rebel. When something sucks then you have to say so. If you sit back and let life run over you then you've failed. But if you stand on your two feet and say no when life tried to squash you, then you have won (which doesn't mean that you won't be squashed-life isn't fair, just brutal).

How do you manage to sell records so cheap and still break even or even make some money off them? Records really don't cost much to make. I make enough off the label, the distro, and the mailorder to live. The bottom line is that records don't cost much to make. I try to run a tight ship with little waste, and the end result is I can keep the prices down. I hate to pay a lot for music, and I'm happy with the prices I charge others.

Do you think you'll still be doing this in 10 years? How did you get into punk rock? How do you feel about it today? What do you feel about the scene of today compared to yesterday? What do you think will become of it? Ten years. why not? I've been into hardcore since late 1992. I started No Answers (zine) in 1984. I still enjoy punk rock, though I will admit it has changed alot over the years. The real tragedy of punk rock and hardcore is that there was once a time when the only people that got involved with this scene and music were the crazies and freaks. Alienation was the common thread that tied us together. The high percentage of freaks, nerds, and mutants made for a pretty fucking interesting time. Today there are too many normals running around. Too many straights, and not nearly enough ideas. Alienation is no longer a common theme. But I stil feel the alienation and sometimes have a hard time relating to those that do not. I guess that makes sense. Still, hardcore is my community and I think it will sustain me.


Music isn't about buying bread,
music is about eating bread.
It is about holding it in your hand,
and smelling it,
and tasting it.
It is about it.

Do you think that people think that you are egotistic? It seems as if you get alot of letters in Heartattack about this. What would you want to say to those people who think that of you? I don't care. Ego is an aspect of individuality. You can not stand apart from the mainstream unless your ego is well defined. A solid self-image is my defense against the social pressure that society places upon me. If I was weak and frail then I would have fallen long ago. I love strong people., and like to be thought of as a strong individual. Maybe that translates as egotistic, but I am pretty damn satisfied with what I have achieved over the last few years, and if that is egotistical, then so. I seek to please myself first, because I have to live with myself every fucking day. People come and people go, that's life, but I'm stuck with me.

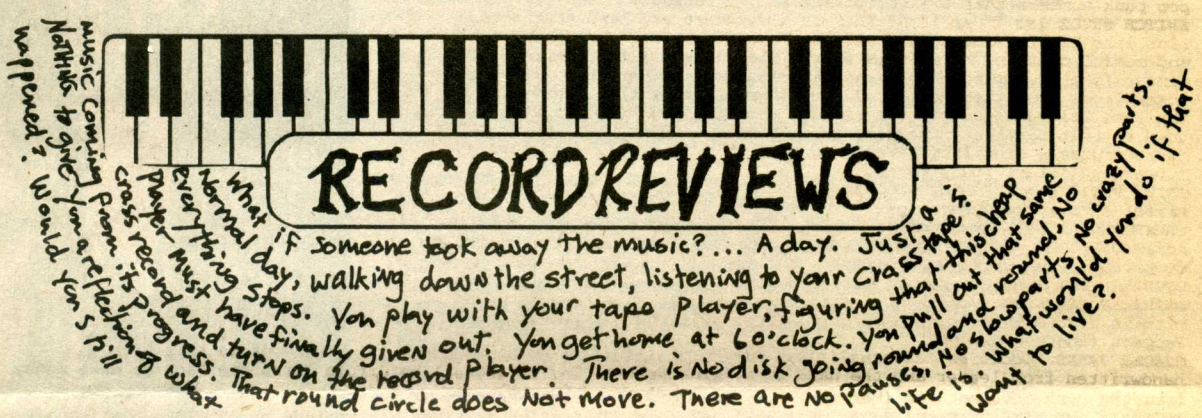
What do you think of sexism in the scene? Better or worse? What do you think can be done to make others more aware? Sexism is a social standard. We all learn experience it, and we all propagate it. Some of us benefit from it more than others. The scene is better than the real world, but it isn't perfect, just a bit better. Alot of times people start to believe that hardcore is perfect and then the mist is blown from their eyes and they see truth and anger fills their eyes. I've seen a lot of people leave the scene because of this revelation. I think it is always important to be realistic. Look at hardcore for what it is, understand it as it exists and work to push it to where you would like to see it go. Sexism is a struggle like other struggles. I don't know if the world can change, but the hardcore scene has certainly improved with respect to sexism over the last ten years, and it can improve more if people desire that change. It ebbs and flows.

What is the reason for starting the distribution? Originally I was putting on free shows at a place called the Barn in Isle Vista (where I live). Each show would run me $35 to $45, so I started selling records at the show to make back the money. It just grew from there as I started trading Ebullution releases for other people's stuff. It just sort of grew. I'm actually quite amazed at the whole thing to tell you the truth.

What do you think of the scene's glorification of scensters? Do you think that sort of thing exists or do you think it is only a minimal problem? That's normal human behavior. The important thing is that we all realize that we are all simply human. I've seen my heroes fall. I've seen my heroes lie. I've been let down by my heroes. I'm sure that to some people I may be a hero, but sooner or later I will fall and those people will realize that we are all human. That's normal, you know. Idealism turns to realism. The important thing is to try not to become so cynical, because if you let cynicism rule too long you end up stagnant and dead.

Plans for the future? Keep on going on. Try to enjoy life. Try to keep up with all the problems and horrors that get thrown my way. try not to let depression get the best of me. Try to live. Fuckin' hard sometimes. A lot of people fall down, some of them get up, and some just die. I'm trying not to be a statistic.

Anything else to say.....I guess I repeat myself, but hardcore should be about our lives. It should be about our joy. and our anger, and our love, and our dishonesty, and it should explore our humanity. It should touch us inside. It needs to be a part of us, and it needs to come from us. We are a community of individuals, and we need to hold on tightly to our individuality in order to create a strong community. This scene is ours. We can aspire to greatness or we can aspire to wallow in our own bullshit. This is our lives.


RECORD REVIEWS
What if someone took away the music?... A day. Just a normal day, walking down the street, listening to your cassette player. Everything stops. You play with your tape player, figuring that this crap Player must have finally given out. You get home at 6 o'clock. You pull out that same cassette and turn on the record player. There is no disk going round and round. No cross record and turn on the record player. There is no disk going round and round. No
music coming from it. Progress. That round circle does not move. There are no pauses, no low parts, no crazy parts.
Nothing to give you a reflecting what happened. Would you still
life is. What would you do if that
want to live?.

COMPILATION FOR THE EAST HARLEM TUTORIAL PROGRAM *** This is a compilation which has songs from devoid of Faith, Bleed, Kisses and Hugs, Horace Pinker, Benchmark, Abnormal Behavior, Coleman, Ox, Floodgate, Silence Equals, Three Studies of Crucifixion, Raze, Dead Inside, and Policy of Three. Alot of it is pretty shitty except for songs by Policy of 3, Horace Pinker,& Bleed. I wouldn't really say shitty, just very beginner and typical with good lyrics. This, also, comes with a newsprint zine full of excerpts from different authors reflecting their time in school.(Mountain)

STONE TELLING *lp* ***** About five years ago, me and my 2 best friends, twin sisters, Kate and Becky, would play this two song cassette from New Age by this band called Stone Telling. The two songs were the raddest songs I ever heard. One was about regretting a lost love and the other was about wanting someone. We would sit back fantasizing about whatever guy we were being pathetic over. It wasn't till five years later that this record was finally put out. I waited 5 fucking years. Was it worth it? For another DagNasty, fuck yea. (Network Sound)

GROUNDWORK *"today we will not be invisible, nor silent"* ***** I got this record right after finishing the last issue of SFI so I never got to review it. However, I thought it worth mentioning because it is fucking awesome. This is harsh, heavy, similar to struggle, but better. You'll love it. If you don't have it yet, get it. (Bloodlink)

IVICH *"La mort heireuse"* ***** This is an emo band from France. Their music is hyper-fast crazy with horns and it is totally wonderful. I recommend this. I like it more every time I hear it. I, also, recommend looking into their next 10" which is supposed to be without horns, but even better. Lepine Olivier, 20 Avenue Verdier, 92124 Moutrouge, cedex,France.

GREYHOUSE/FABRIC *split* ***** Two incredible songs on here by two awesome bands. Greyhouse is just like Fugazi. The Fabric song was a typical Fabric song-emo. Overall, these bands play what you expect them to play and they do a damn good job at it. On the downside, this has no lyric sheet. (Simba)

STANLEY You have to be drunk, you have to be a bar person to get down to stanely. Indie bar rock here we go.(another planet)

KOSJER *"True"* **** This is emo with lyrics about winners/losers, smokers rights, and about a so called strong boy. Genet Records po box 447 9000 Gent Belgium.

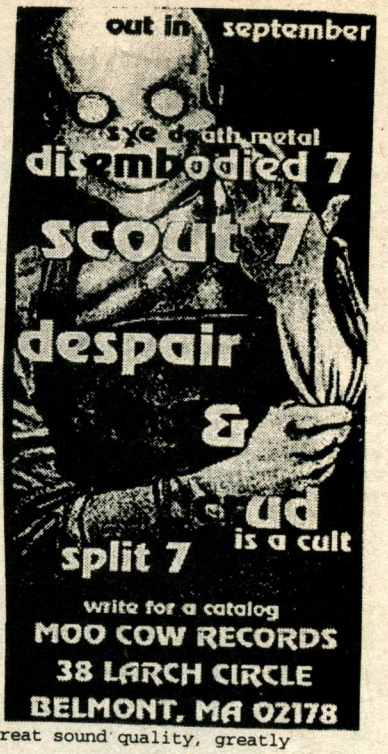
DISEMBODIED *"existence is suicide"* ***** What do you get when you mesh Integrity, Unbroken, and Damnation into one ripen death metal-hardcore band? You get this. This is very powerful and very heavy with driving lyrics. For example, " a fire. all consuming animosity soaked in tears, fallen from failure." I waited for forever and a day for this to come out; and the wait was well worth it. Lyrics talk about the pain of existing, love, quest for knowledge, ect. Justin Kayn po box 13044 Mpls, MN 55414

ITS ALL ABOUT *Comp 7"* *** compilation containing Lazy Susan, Phleg Camp, Sleeping Body, and Stand up. The Lazy Susan song was very good. The singer sounded like the singer from ashes, the music was similar to ashes but more poppy. The rest was basic hardcore. This is on a flexidisk and it comes with a zine. The price is probably around $1 or $2. I'd say its worth it. Joe Lawrence writes a bunch of stuff in zine like style about life. His writing style is wonderful. 5704 Whaton Ft.Worth, TX 76133

EDSEL *"No 5 recitative"* *** When I got this, I had a virtual mental breakdown trying to open it. Then, to my relief, I realized it had an envelope-like opening. Gladly, the music was very slow and calming. I couldn't take anymore disorder in my life after that fiaskal. Yes, there is nothing like stellar sonic pop much like sonic youth. There is nothing that is as nice to come home to after a rainy day.(jade tree)

ENKINDLE *ep* *** They have this song about my X boyfriend in here. I don't know how they knew him, maybe they went out with him too. Yes, I am another rung in his ladder of insecurity. He makes me feel dumb and ugly and this is your typical abusive relationship, and I really don't give a damn if he reads this because he probably won't anyway, since nothing I do is adequate. Anyway, enkindle is endpoint rip offs if I ever heard endpoint rip offs , but endpoint is a cool band to rip off. So I guess enkindle is cool too. (initial)

CREEPERS *"blam"* ***** The creepers are not another one of your nerd normal punk hardcore record collector vegetarian sxe riot grrl cleancut crusty bands. The creepers don't wear pants too tight or too skinny. The Creepers don't wear ridiculously large pants. The creepers wear pants that fit like Levi's or gap. That's why you should buy Levi's or gap cause the creepers wear Levi's or gap. get my drift (cerebrum)



WAT TYLER *"I wanna be Billy Joe"* **** First of all, I can't believe there is an actual picture of Billy Joe on the cover. Isn't he a big rock star. How does he find the time for us little people? Anyway, on side A the first song is this Irish song with little people, witch/wizard, hordes from hell, and the lonely traveler all saying "make love not war". On the second side there is this little play between two annoying British people. Then there is a couple ridiculous punk numbers. This 7" is hilarious. (lookout)

INVALIDS *"punker than me"* **** This reminds me of Screeching Weasel. Punker than me is about this guy they thought was so very punk for the things he did. Good words to describe the invalids are bratty, trashy, poppy, and punk as fuck. (lookout)

SQUIRTGUN *"SHENANIGANS"* ***** Starts off with a cool song about the social class system being a game in which a group loses from the start because they are the social scum, not the social fools. "Frederick's Frost" is about 2 lovers together in the cold. Its rad but it goes into this ska part for a second. "Giddy & Glum" is about when someone dumps you, they act so damn giddy, and you act so damn glum. "Almost the grrl" about this girl being almost the grrl of his dreams but she does all this fucked up stuff. Wow, I really liked this. They used to be a band called Rattail Grenader from Lafayette, IN. They play mid tempo pop punk numbers that are so fucking rad. (lookout)

SWITCH STYLE *1st 7" ep* ***** This is a Japanese sxe band that sounds alot like Strife, Judge, and all your sxe favorites. The sound quality and musicianship on this 7" is incredible. Its all in English. Its almost like its written to please American sxe rather than giving us some flavor from their country. It makes me think that everything is the same wherever you go. There is a one world culture. just like from town to town there are the same chain stores. There is no personality, just corporate sterility. Well anyway. This is really good straight forward HC (start today records)

BLIND JUSTICE ***** Another Japanese band with SEHC NY meathead type music. Great sound quality, greatly mixed. (Start today records)

THUMBNAIL LP *** Very cool packaging. This record comes in a cardboard box thing. This music is very Antioch Arrow/UOA. It was pretty much what I expected from this sort of thing. The record was OK, but nothing compared to the packaging. (File 13 Records)

UNGOVERNABLE (demo) * ranges from old school punk rock (dead Kennedy's) to ragee. BP 536 21014 Dijon Cedex UK

AMERICAN STANDARD *"piss and vinegar"* ** Remember this band from the late 80s hardcore scene. They did a tour with in 1988 with Soulside and Swiz. Yep. Well, now they sound like Pearl Jam and Red Hot Chili Peppers.(another planet)

CIRCLE JERKS *"Oddities, abnormalities, and curiosities."* * My old buddy Keith Moss sent me this with a handwritten from letter and the name of my zine written in. It looks like Circle Jerks are back to make money from the punk movement too.(Mercury) yes, you read that right-Mercury.

YOURS IN THE ARMS OF DEATH (demo) *** Well, this is interesting at times, it reminds me of old school punk rock and other times it slows down. I actually like this. It was very pleasant listening. It didn't totally take me over. I just found it nice to listen to while I did my homework.BP 536 21014 Dijon Cedex UK

DAMNATION/WALLEYE *split 7'* ***** Damnation is so different than anything I have heard before, so different I find it difficult to explain. It has Dwid like distorted vocals with music toned down to a Bb. It is kind of like neurosis with a bit of emo flavoring. Walleye is very emo. It is old members of railhead and the music consists of alot of droning notes. It was pretty. I like bands with people's names. I think that's so cute. One song called "fuzzyhead" was about loneliness: walking in a city where no one is your friend.(Jade Tree)

FALLING FORWARD/METROSHIFTER *split acoustic 7"* ***** I was so disappointed in Falling Forward and Metroshifter for playing acoustic music. I was like; what are these people? a bunch of hippies. Are they trying to be the next R.E.M.? Now I have complete doubt in my own punkness cause I really liked this. Its beautiful. I liked the lyrics from Metroshifter: one of their songs was about losing someone a long time ago and still missing him, another was about someone you care about taking everything from you. I couldn't figure out the lyrics from Falling Forward, but they were so beautiful and soothing to listen to that I didn't care. The singer sings with more emotion and vitality than anyone I heard. (Initial)

GRAIN *"Trials and Tribulations"* *** The first song on this 7" had the long drawn out style of Jawbreaker. It was sort of annoying. The second song was a lot better. It had some long pretty musical solos that gave me calmness and happiness. It seemed like they made four lines of lyrics and then their musical parts. You know, typical emo. They'll probably break up in a year. (city of romance)

FALLING FORWARD ***** Wow! I love this band. Two new great songs on this filled with desire, love, and sadness. I think this was their best release so far. Great music, great singing, GET THIS! (doghouse)

SKIMMER ****** My friend Frank gave this to me for Valentines day, and I gave him a bottle of Aveda Shampoo. We decided we'd be each other's dates cause no one else would go out with either of us. Well, anyway, this is a poppy sappy love record. Its the perfect valentines gift. I especially liked the songs 'better than being alone' and 'wait and see'. It has half grrl vocals and half boy vocals. I think it sounds like a grrl's voice the whole time, but maybe really its a boy. I don't know.

IMPETUS INTER ***** This is a great emo band from Minneapolis that recently broke up because the drummer moved to DC. They have a real born against sound with a feeling of power because the music streams so well. The vocalist has a snobby punk rock voice with lots of screaming.(Bloodlink)

SPARKMARKER/MYSTERY MACHINE *split 7"* **** Mystery Machine had a very Jawbreaker sound. Does every one sound like jawbreaker? With normal guy vocals. Basically, they have the Jawbreaker go into long musical elapses. Sparkmarker has a more helmet sound. They start out with a big intro, than go into this quicksand NY thing. They sing a song about not connecting with someone you are good friends with because you don't get emo together. 6$ ppd, real expensive(Landspeed)

MISERY *"who's the fool"* ***** I really liked this. Misery is a very political crust band from Minneapolis, which have been around about 7 years. This CD ,also, contains the tracks from their very hard to find lp with SDS. I'm ordinarily not very into crust punk, but now I want to join the masses. This rules! (Profane Existence)

SCREECHING WEASEL *"kill musicians"* ***** This is a collection of Screeching Weasel's greatest hits. There are 31 songs on this release, all of your favorites, like Veronica hates me, I can see clearly, I think we're alone now, I wanna be a homosexual. Screeching Weasel is famous for their covers and humors pop songs. Too bad they broke up and became the Riverdales.(lookout)

THE POTOTOMEN *lp* **** Larry Livermore is one of those people that you just want to give a bowl of soup and put to bed. I got this feeling from listening to this tape. It very similar to the feeling I get from reading his zine. There is a bit of country music influence mixed in with some pretty good lyrics. Though I am pretty much against country in most genres, its not bad here. For some reason it pulls my heart strings. (lookout)

THE MR.T EXPERIENCE *"...and the womyn who love them."* ***** Supposedly, they have a new drummer and a bassplayer. This is a great record: full of love songs, which you need to hear cause for the most part, we base our lives upon love. (lookout)

OXYMORONS! *** This band seems to sound alot like the dammed, who, soul asylum, husker du, and replacements. Its a real Minneapolis indie rocker band. So, if you're into indie rock, I've got the record for you. They play a prince cover of "little red corvette" I dream that someday, whenever I'm actually in a band, I'll get to cover "Baby I'm a star."(Mutant Records)
CANDYASS *** They're alot like old All with rough edges. Songs are mostly about feelings in poppy style. (mutant records)
DAMNATION LP ***** Wow! This is such an improvement over the 7" split with Walleye. This band consists of old members of Worlds Collide, but it is nothing like them. I found it to be a mix between Integrity and an emo sound. This has got to be the best record of the year. (Jade Tree)
BLANK ep ***** This features the guy from Universal Order of Armageddon. Its emo songs with great vocals. I really lie this. I found it beautiful. Nice lyrics too!(Vermiscum)
DILLINGER 4 ep***** How could you not like D4? They are the most awesome band out of Minneapolis. Their bass player is always drunk and crazy at shows and he makes what are usually boring occasions a hell of alot more entertaining. This is pop, but not bubble gum pop. Its a little Jawbreakerish but the vocals are much better and the music is faster.
SHUTDOWN ep This is a very poppy band from England. It seems like they're sxe, cause they have xxx written somewhere. They have this cool song begging for someone just to be there for them. Its cool. Its sad. (Potential Ashtray)
HOME 33 *"Paintover robot & toy"* *** This was rather hardcore, but a little annoying in parts. not bad. (another planet records)
THREADBARE *"feeling older faster" lp* ***** This is threadbare's debut on doghouse records, and what a piece of musicianship it is! It is obvious that these guys know what the hell they are doing, but like old whores they lack the spontaneity and innocence of many other bands. Nevertheless, I was sad that there was only 6 songs on this 12 inch, cause it is so good I wanted to hear more. However, I guess if they only have six good songs, then they should play their six good songs, rather than making people suffer through four or five extra bad ones. This way you save money and time. (Doghouse)
GROUND ROUND *"painting vulgar dreams" ep* *** Poppy cheerful music much like jawbreaker with extremely depressing lyrics. These people sure are sad. There is hope, believe me, there is. (702 records)
INTEGRITY *"systems overload"* ***** I found this to be much like "Those who fear tomorrow" I kept saying to myself, "hey, they are playing that song again...oh, they're not. Alot of people said that "Those who fear tomorrow" was better than "systems overload" but I think they are about the same, except this is a better deal since it has songs off the 89 demo "harder they fall" and the 87 demo "off the beat". For those who aren't familiar with integrity, its heavy metal with distorted vocals-better than you ever heard. Also, unlike alot of bands out today, they have lyrics stupid people like me can understand. (Victory)
DOUGHNUTS *"the age of the circle"* **** I did an interview with these grrls, and it turned out horrible so I didn't use it. Apparently, they don't interview as well as they play live. I truly enjoyed their live show, and enjoy their CD cause its heavy and the grrl basically sounds like a boy, and its all the same typical stuff, but at the same time its totally different. (Victory)
STEP ON A CRACK *Volume II: A new York subterranean music compilation.* ***** This compilation shows all sorts of NY bands from every extreme. It has so many different brands of music the CD is pretty interesting to listen to. First, it has deadguy on it, that's reason enough to buy it. Deadguy is an all star line up made up of old members of Rorschach and no escape. Second, bands that sounded like quicksand were Mind over Matter and Die 116(old members of Burn, Rorschach). Third, bands that were poppy were the wretched ones, which sound like fast snotty pop punk. They were singing about the old school Garden Variety play a cure cover of "push". I liked it since I'm a closet cure fan. Templars sounded like Operation Ivy. Murphy's Law. The crust punk bands on here were Iabhorher and 13. NY hardcore much like sick of it all is a band called Neglect. They want to beat up
FRUMPIES *"Tomi Slich"* *** This is the 4th 7" ep from the frumpies. The frumpies sing alot about friends, hanging out, and getting even. The lyrics seem to b a private joke between them. For those of you not familiar with the frumpies, they are old members of Bikini Kill and present member of make up. Their live show is much better than their records, although I found this record better than the others I heard. If you like grrly punk rock screaming riot grrl stuff, you'll love this. (lookout)
IMPETUS INTER ep ***** This was the first release by the late great impetus inter-now history. Although, I did hear about old members forming a new band with Mark replacing Amanda on drums. This is the gravity screaming vocals trendy music getting emo type stuff. I truly enjoyed this 7". Its better than the one on Bloodlink.(cerebrum)
UNWOUND *"The future of what."* *** This record was supposed to be a double album. It is slow with jazz rock type tendencies. I liked it because it is unusual and difficult to describe. Its not typical. I can't really compare it to other bands. Although, I don't like it because its slow and boring. I would say this is good music to do your homework to or sleep, but don't play this record at a party. Other bands include Ivon Prostate, Hell No, Devil Dogs, Viscous Beatniks, holeshot, hot corn girls, wives, and sweet diesel. (GoKart) at a party.(Kill Rock Stars)
EXCUSE 17 *"Such friends are dangerous."* ***** This band is made up of two grrls and a boy(2 singers/guitarists and a drummer). I always liked bands without basses, even though I play bass. They sound so light. They have this really cool song abut a guy who uses womyn up and moves on to the next. Its so cool that they bring up the concept of how its always OK to use up womyn and walk away: to use, to destroy shows power, to care shows weakness. And it never fucking ends. These guys just move on to the next to fill her head with more bullshit, only to leave when they are 'bored' or things get 'tough.' Nobody deserves this. The lyrics of Excuse 17 are very personal and the music is comparable to bands like the Breeders with the innocent feeling given by grrl bands on Kill rock stars. (Kill Rock Stars)
BACKLASH *"Inside"* **** This is NYHC alot like Sick of it All. Very old school, meatheadish. You know the type of music that makes you want to kick someone's head in and become a skin head again. Yea, that kind. (break even point)
SPLIT LIP *"Fates got a driver"* *** Let me guess, you're trying to get on a major label. Nice. One of these guys is hardcore and the rest are alternative. Thus, the sound of split lip. Actually, I can't understand that these guys are still considered hardcore, or even supported by the hardcore scene. They play a cover of Tracy Chapman's "Talkin about a revolution." I think they should of played "Fast Car" cause its a much cooler song. This record has very nice packaging. Doghouse went way out of its way to get these guys ready to sign. (Doghouse)
PEECHIES *"scented gum"* ***** This band features members from Rice, Bumblescrup, & Bratmobile. I can't really describe their sound. Its hardcore with a little kill rock stars style in it. The first song on side A, "Olive Oil" starts off sounding like the beastie boys song, "fight for your right to party", maybe it was just me. (lookout)
WORST CASE scenario **** This band features past and present members of unwound. I like alot more than unwound. Its alot darker, crazier, faster, and passionate than Unwound, who kind of bore me. (lookout)

THE HI-FIVES *"welcome to my mind"* **** Formerly the Ne'er do wells. Lots of songs about love and revenge in classic 50's surf/punk/retro style. (lookout)
THE VINDICTIVES *"the many moods of the vindictives"* ***** This is a compilation of all six of the Vindictives self released 7" eps and 4 songs that originally appeared on the Various Artists compilation. The sound quality goes up and down since most of the stuff was remixed. For those that aren't fans of the Vindictives their sound is snobby raw 80s punk. I liked the song "Oh Calgon take me away" take me away from all the horrors that have no solution. Today we don't have simplistic answers as we did yesterday. All we do is do things to cope. (lookout)
RIVERDALES *lp* This is Ramones style 1-2-3 pop punk, very simplistic. I liked Screeching Weasel alot more. Supposedly, this band is touring with Green Day and the 1st song "fun tonight" and "back to you" will be released on a soundtrack in a Universal Film. "Fun Tonight" and Back to you" are also available as 7" singles on lookout. (lookout)
THE QUEERS *"surf goddess"* ep ***** Three really good songs in the usual pop queers fashion. This is so sing along. This band is releasing so many records. I keep trying to think of what they remind me of. Oh, I know, every other band I heard on Lookout. (lookout)
THE QUEERS *"beat off" lp* ***** I truly enjoyed the humor and straight pop punk of the queers on this release. For example, "Ben Weasel-you just hate him cause he don't have to work." That rules. A song about people who are 17 and think they know everything, one about being grounded and numerous other songs about grrls. (lookout)
FUCK YOU THIS IS RICE *lp* *** This is weird. This is not what I expected. I expected some poppy bubble gum type band. I did not expect a hardcore band with horns singing only about the greatness of rice. This certainly is original.(lookout)
TRICKBABIES *"player" lp* *** It took me a while to figure out the singer of this band is indeed a woman. This is rather obnoxious, early glam punk from new york. I wouldn't say it was bad, good for its arena, but not really my thing.(GoKart)
LUNACHICKS *lp* *** This is the glam chick band from New York that sonic Youth helped. One of which is supposedly a model. They dress themselves as crazy as they can. One always looks completely ridiculous in the pictures, and one always looks pretty. It sort of amuses me. It sounds like the grrls try to sound like danzig or something.(GoKart)
MARCUS NOISE *CD* **** I must tell you how nicely packaged this band was. There was a beautifully packaged CD, a lyric song book, and a promo pack describing the band with all the reviews they got. I guess the best way to describe this band is well produced pop punk with a Minneapolis indie rocker edge.(Angry Seed)
ANGRY SEED COMPILATION *** Very alternative indie rocker compilation. Includes voodoo love mint, space bike, hero, pull, sgt. carter, marcus noise, and many more bands destined to be on the Amrep label. (Angry Seed)
J CHURCH *" The procession of simulacru. the map proceeds the territory."* **** The first time I listened to this I thought that the lyrics were written in about ten minutes in the back of the van before a show. The music grew on me, and I was able to put up with such crapty lyrics. They are very poppy and their sound is great. Maybe they made too many albums. (Jade Tree)
QUEERS *"move back home"* **** This is the 4th lp from the queers on lookout. This band has put out alot and it sounds exactly the same, but then again, at least you know what to expect, which is alot more dependable than most things. You know that when you buy a queers record, you get sappy bubble gum pop-punk songs about grrls, friends, ect. (lookout)
PANZY DIVISION *"pile up"* **** There is one too many songs about sex on this. I know its nice to feel comfortable about your sexuality, but listening to this record is much to much like watching a porno: pure fucking. Alot of this is too materialistic, and not meaningful enough. I heard nothing about love or relationships. On the upside, there were some songs about gay politics and two covers, one being "he's just a little tease" and the other being the Nirvana "Smells like teen spirit" put into an out of the closet thing. The music is your basic lookout pop punk flavor. It kept me listening though the lyrics were pretty redundant.
EARTH CRISIS *"destroy the machines"* *** Earth Crisis is back, get out of the way or join the struggle. Yep, its here. Another Earth Crisis release with hard driving metal music, which I love. The music is good, don't get me wrong. What bothers me about this band are the deleterious lyrics and ideologies. Their philosophies are more addictive and harmful than the drugs they preach against. It seems that they use the vegan/no sex/ no drug philosophy as a tool to puff themselves up and put others down. They don't sing such lyrics to spread a message. They do it for their own self gratification. Its like they are saying, "all you people are evil and worthless. only we are good and worthy people." What are the real evils of humanity? self centerdness, greed, apathy, intolerance, refusing to listen, refusing to care; but its much easier to say "don't have sex" then "don't be intolerant" Why? because its much easier not to have sex than to not be intolerant. (Victory)
GADJE/ICE NINE *split ep* *** Gradje sounds like struggle emo-they talk about society and politics-about the products we make and sell in our society. Ice Nine was pretty terrible. I don't even want to go into it. (Ebullution)
COUCH *"This life" ep* * This sucks. Its horrible, bad, stupid, out of tune, annoying, skanky, trashy, and any other negative thing I can tag onto it. (lookout)
RUMMAGE SALE **** Alas, a song about the alienation and loneliness we all feel in this world full of strangers. A world where we can't even really talk to our friends. This record gives me a happy calm feeling. It sort of reminds me of early jawbox with alot of pop. (broken kids)
UNWOUND *"Neglected said serial"* **** I actually really liked this 7", much more than the lp I had on Kill Rock Stars. Since the LP was the first thing I heard I expected to hate this, but no, no, no. This is rad. I like Unwound. I was but a fool before.(troubleman unlimited)
DBUTTSTEAK *** Weird. male and female vocals, squeaky guitars.(GoKart)
CANNED TRAVOLTA **** This is disco punk. Yes. disco punk with singers who take parts of the bready bunch and mix along punk, shananana and disco. Apparently, this band was created to open for the village people. The crowd liked them so much that they kept up what they were doing. This is rad(GoKart)
STITCH *"sudden b/w acceptance"* *** This is an overproduced metal record which sounds alot like warrant.
SUSPECT BILL/HERO *split* **** Suspect bill is your basic all around ska. Its happy. The first song seems like they are cheering ska-you know the "he, he" thing. The other song has a female singer. Hero side has kind of bad sound quality, too much distortion. Clog is very Minneapolis indie label sounding.(Kactus Lable)

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Fanzine Reviews

We're not little#2* There was one really good story in here about standing on a hillside. It was beautiful. It made me feel all gushy inside. The rest of the zine is made up of long rants that are pretty pointless but the writing is so good you read it anyway. Jen225 N Calvert Ups. Munci, In 47303

Kombat #10*** This is one of the best political zines I have read. Writer has talkative writing style which makes his complicated views easy to understand. Talks about New World Order in relation the UN, local Indianapolis issues, taxes, army defense fund, letters, and zine reviews. PO box 20311 Indianapolis, in 46220

**Monkeywrench #3 *****This zine was packed with information about drug legalization from a sxe perspective. Also, politics between Haiti and the US. This article confused me a little as to what was going on. It seemed as if it was copied out of one of those political journals. A pretty shitty half man interview and lots of reviews. I really liked the different perspectives discussed on drug legalization. It was well researched by several different people and they pointed out alot of possible answers for the "drug war" 17 Princeton st. Holyoke, Ma 01040

Diversity * Well, the mickey mouse with a black flag shirt smoking a cigarette on the cover should explain it all. This kid wants to be a rebel. However, she can't find anything to rebel against so all she does is talk about high school., and she can't even connect these problems to broader effects on society and herself. I guess this can be a good reference to understand 8th graders but, otherwise, it sounds to me that she's doing a zine just to say she does a zine. What a waste of paper!po box 2792 Ovout, Ca 93457

Real World #2**This zine wants to get away from the sxe movement and base its efforts on hardcore. It detests all that crapt and believes that there needs to be support for different bands, ect. I really liked this. I found it very down to earth. Also, interviews with Devoid of Faith, Copout, Capitalist Casualties. PO box 1201 Buffalo, Ny 14213-7201

**Kombat winter 94/95 *****When I read this I believe that there really is a revolution. It is creeping from our underground and that is the only way that it will take over the mainstream. This particular issue features an interview with ROX guy who does an underground cable show in Indianapolis. There are also lots of comments about Jobs being much like slavery and other politically related things. Also, talks about super max prisons which imprison prisoners who harm other prisoners. It talks about the extreme lack of human rights that goes on between those walls. lots of reviews, and poems. PO box 20311 indpls, in 46220

Japancore #4 free. Japanese punk rock zine features various Japanese punk rock bands such as cruck, Bloodsucker, Gism, Sink(female hc band) Maybe these aren't Japanese. I know little about crust punk. I'm not gonna lie to you. PO box 8511 Warwick, Rio 28888

**Jumbo Shrimp #9 *****Meechelle was getting really pissed at me because I never got around to reading #8. So as soon as I got this I opened up and started to read. What I liked most about #9 was the article about Nathaniel Hawthornes' A scarlet letter. She brings up the notion about how hate and love are the deepest emotions and are on opposite sides of the spectrum. I think that both hate and love are equally destructive and I think everyone has the need to express these emotions through something. However, some realize that hate not only destroys the other person, but themselves, so they are very careful with that emotion. some aren't. Anyway, Meechelle, also, writes about this movie we should run out and rent. Its called liquid sky and it sounds fucking weird. PO box 667 Prior Lake mn 55372

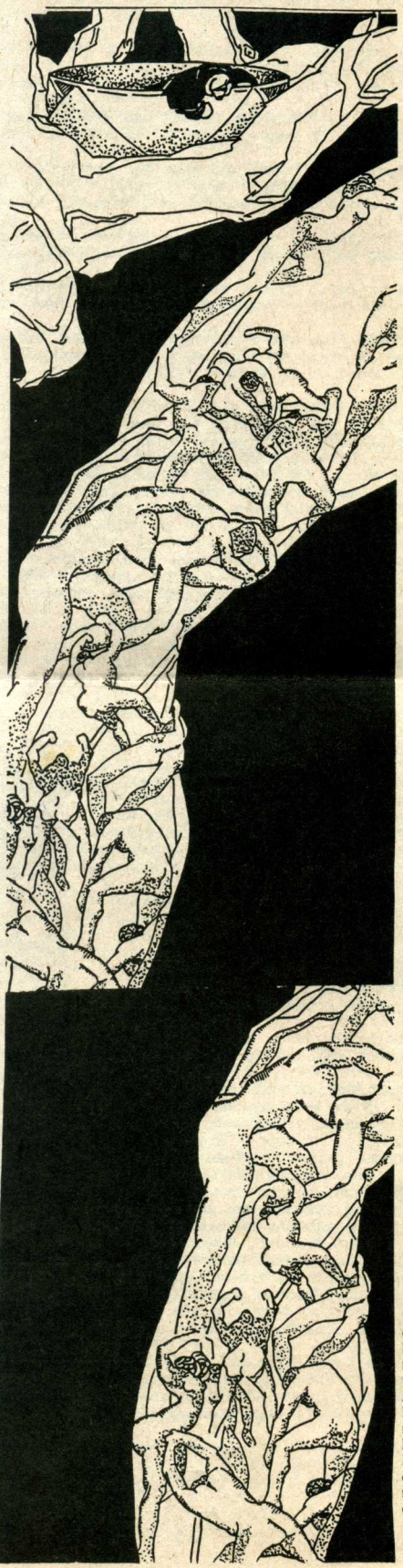
**Alien ...part 5 *****yea.....!Witknee is moving to St. Louis to go to college. I love Witknee. She's very real, her writing is incredible...in this she goes on to explain her experience with mental illness, and the actual definition of mental illness. She's, also, very well read in feminist literature. 1024 Chautauqua Pacific planes, Ca 90272

Girl Interrupted ** This is something that Witknee did with a friend. It seems like something she did a long time ago. However, you can still see the same style and thinking as she gets older. 1024 Chautaqua Pacific Planes, Ca 90272

Ember Days 3 ** This is very abstract, very unusually written. It kind of takes you away into a dark place, even in the large amount of emo records the guy reviewed. Its just very mysterious. I kind of liked where he took me. (address above)

Libel/Alien/Idiot Nation split ** libel talks about her trip on a greyhound bus and how slummy St. Louis is. Reading her part of the zine was like reading a tour guide of St. Louis. I'm originally from St. Louis so it amused me. Alien has this one cool 'go off' letter to a friend, and a story about a teacher molesting her. Idiot Nation had this interesting rant on how Coca Cola proudly sold cokes to the Nazis. Over all, a pretty good zine. I like that it was divided among three. That way it isn't redundant. Although the part about them all being best friends does get a tad cheesy. 1024 Chautauqua Pacific Palisades, Ca 90272

Baghead #4 * A bunch of reviews. A couple stories which were very well written. a couple poems. A cool frog story. It was very collegy. PO box 80634 Minneapolis, Mn 55408



Reduction #2 * This is a comic strip with various drawings that show alot of skill and talent. 5207 Rainbow Lane Mounds View. Mn 55112

Courtesy Desk #1 *** This zine is great! I especially like the story of all the crazy people who come into this writers store. Like the guy who wanted to be a rock star, and he attempted to play with Jesus Lizard. This zine, also, contains interviews with this guy who does tattoos in St.Louis, St.Louis's own Haymarket, and Bunny Grunt. po box 952 Granite City, IL 62040

Blue print for Socio-Spiritual Revolution by Vrajakishor dasa * This a a kryshna zine/book published by Revival (a newsprint kryshna zine). This lists a bunch of steps for the oppressive classes to break through the barrier. Some of it is interesting but I have heard most of it before. Its easy to spend your life trying to love God insted of trying to change the way things are. I don't have much respect for religon because it keeps people pathetic and accepting. It creates an attitute of "this is how things should be, accept it"

Catch 22 #3 *** Since this guy was so nice to email me a bunch of times I quickly added his zine to my list. This zine is very political. It talks alot about liberatarian politics. I don't have the address with me, if you want it, just write me a postcard. I don't get enough mail anyway.

It gives me the creeps #2 *** This is a comic done by someone very talented and very emotional. the stories are very down to earth and the art is just amazing. po box 774 Johnstown, NY

**Jumbo Shrimp 8/phreek 6 *****Jumbo shrimp had a couple cool pieces about life being like a 'bottomless cup of coffee' at Denny's or Perkin's. It seems like Meechelle is going through quite a few changes; she ripped down all the posters on her walls, she's taking a different route home. she even came up with the idea that people should make a subculture of super heroes that dress up and save people in their spare time. I know I said this about her last one, but this time I mean it, best shrimp in the bunch(up) Phreek was simply incredible. There were a couple ramblings about love and friendship that actually made me cry. (address above)

**Rotate and Fill ***This guy went with Meechell(J.Shrimp) and me to see Scooby Don't. He annoyed the living daylights out of me, but his zine didn't . Sure, this guy might fallow you around like a helpless drone but he can make a pretty decent zine. 10651 175th St.W Lakeville, Mn 55044

Reminder #5***I love people that dis hardliners in zines. I really do. In this one this guy got the usual hate mail from a hardliner and called him on his shit. I did the same thing in #3, and got crapt cause I shouldn't of insulted someone who couldn't say anything back. Also, an apology to this grrl he dumped years ago. I fantasized that the guy who dumped me would do the same. Wim van dekerck hove Hogeweg 316 8930 Menen Belgium

Penny's Fanzine #3*A zine full of grrl scratchings all over the place. Its really cute and sweet and makes you warm all over. It uses too many other people's quotes though. Liked the line, "I miss our conversations that left me with a sore face due to smiling so much." 317 N.Nasson Lane River Falls, Wi 54022-2546

I still Believe #2 *** Wow. That's all I have to say. This was the saddest most emo zine I ever read. I really liked it. 'embrace rejection from worthless people' it said that. Isn't that cool? The whole zine is filled with journal like entries about how empty and apathetic this guy feels and I can't say I don't feel the same. cooper station PO box 1595 New York, Ny 10276

Solidarity * A couple @ poems, songs in English and some other languages(didn't know what they were) A article on Europe becoming one nation. 1951 W. Burnside Box 1654 Portland Oregon, 97209

One Word * Typical sxe zine. She gets upset about some grrl in Perkins smoking a cigarette. God, get over it. The grrl had a kid. Geez, if I had a kid when I was a teenager , I'd smoke too. Zine is a little to idealistic and preachy, not as bad as some people, but touching on it. 401 Hillcrest Dr. Cincinnati, Oh 45215

State Fanzine**The layout is so slick the zine just fell out of my hands. The writer used to do a zine called Guilt. There were a couple of his ramblings in here. An awesome interview with the writer of Monkey fanzine(Netherlands) . An article about how school sucks and grammar is used to categorize people. Plus an interview with Empathy and some pictures with tattoos. pob 30374 Indianapolis, In 46230-0374

Plain Jane ** Well, first off I'm glad this girl finally mentioned the 'Poot' ads and sexism in skateboarding cause its not discussed enough. There were some other good writings about sxe, and how she considers herself drug free, but not sxe. There were, also, ramblings about seizing the day and some poetry themes which were poorly written. 89 Pratt St. Glastonbury, Ct 06033-1014

A Show of Hands #5***The front cover has a picture of a grrl looking at herself with the quote 'my most powerful enemy was myself. Not the super-me, but the secret-me. The one I tried to keep hidden.' There were a bunch of letters to and from the writer. I skipped over those-filler to us professional zine readers. The cool part was the story about Norman from the 6th grade. It reminded me of my friend Troy. We were both the rejects of the class and we sat in the back and made jokes. I had more fun with

"That was the time when words were like magic. The human mind had mysterious powers. A word spoken by chance might have strange consequences. It would suddenly come alive, and what people wanted to happen could happen-all you had to do was say it."

Jerome Rothenberg

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Contrascience #4 *****A long very informative article on the gulf war, articles on pornography and how he and his g-friend are against it. Writings about how media is owned by 23 companies and they are all lying to us. Interview with Ordination of Aaron and Impetus Inter. Always good. pob 8344 Minneapolis, Mn 55408-0344

'By Jove' may 1995 **** Well, this has a lot of fanzine reviews in it. The people who do this zine (it seems like a compiled effort) must read alot of zines. There's also a couple good articles by this John guy about true writers being lyres. I sure as hell know I am. 1417 N. Park Fairmont, Mn 56031

Attitude Problem #27 ***** This is MRR's zine of the month. A real awesome Iconoclast interview saying, "I think there is a bit of Reagan-type morals and churchness present in many people's sxe lifestyle. We don't embrace abstract rules or principles that live in the sky unable to be touched, we employ modes of behavior to make our lives better, and so we shouldn't let ideals we create control and engineer our lives unchecked" Let me tell you, that was one inspirational interview. Also, interviews with the Vorhees, DYS, Premonition, Tribute, and earth crisis. Also, several columns which discuss the criminal justice bill, anti-fascist media in England, OJ Simpson, a piece about lumping different groups into one pot and treating them all the same: didn't agree with that. Different people need to be treated according to their personality and culture not the mainstream culture. We must try to establish understanding rather than blind conformity. Finally, reviews and a piece about womyn's health care. A network of friends PO box 2576 Colohester essex c034AY UK

Idiot Nation **** Interviews with Threadbare and 3 riot grrls. The Riot grrl interviews were very interesting. It talked alot about the hatred toward Riot Grrl which basically is the same thing as hatred toward feminism in general. It just narrows the whole struggle for equality as just man hating which is stupid. Witknee/Alien brought up something about the rivalry between chicks up front and Riot Grrl. She is just as curious as I am. I have been curious for years. Somebody please tell me what the deal is. This zine rules. There's nothing like a boy doing a zine about womyn's rights, especially if he has some understanding. 6678 Washington 3W University City, Mo 63130

Holiday #7 **** Fuck, it sure would be hard to be one who lives only by idealization. That's the way I feel when I read this. The writer is smart and emotional, but he will only walk on one line of thinking. Its kind of a waste. There is an interview with Integrity. Dwid seems very down to earth although he says the scene is turning into a bunch of pussies. What's that supposed to mean? The scene is getting to much like what he thinks womyn are....cunts. That kind of thinking puts a bad taste in my mouth. There are lots of good pictures, and the way this zine is layed out is very professional. A poem about love being prey to catch and once its caught the thrill is gone. I thought that was so rad. The usual ranting about fucking bad language. Oh yea, thanks Mytch for bringing my zines up to texas. 209 east 25th St.#1 Mpls, Mn 55404

Rational Inquirer**newsprinted magazine with interview with pink Lincoln's, Sam black church, jawbreaker, skankin pickle, Jerry from Poison Idea. Pretty good over all especially the interview with Jerry. . Also, contains show reviews, record reviews, zine reviews, looking for distributors, $10 for huge stack. 2050 W. 56th St. Ste 32-221 Hi aleah, Fl 33016

Enobled Mind #5***Jess, come back to him. My god do you see how much this boy is tortured? This was a break -up issue like most of mine. He, also, interviews Sleeper. There are alot of photos and the usual opinions criticizing veganism and sxe. Everything must be questioned and Jered seems to question these things very well. 862 grace Watson hall Rochester, NY 14623-5602

Pop Smear**This is a publication that sends out free stuff to new yorkers every month. It doesn't allow corporate labels to be part of it. This issue seemed to talk alot about doing zines, shows in the NY area, CMJ. The writer had an interesting style and sense of humor. The zine also included articles about a club for men with small penises, a menstrual museum, pranks, and celebrity phone numbers. 105 Thompson St. NYC 10012

J.Cruelty #7 *****There is an article on the politics of WWI and WW2 in the Bavarian Soviet Republic and Germany. It was from this book called Weimar Culture. A story about having a job as a furniture truck driver in the suburbs, an interview with Sarah from Septophia; a story about what a town of Scotland Neck did about their black bird population, book reviews. Guest writer, Derek Lee, started a story about wanting to save a poor man from El Salvador who was suffering from a hernia. This some how gets hooked into US relations with Latin America. Basically, Latin America owed the US a whole lot of $. To give back the money they cut social systems leaving many without jobs, healthcare, or education. The US later turns around and funds the military of Latin America. Also, interview with Impetus Inter. Andy She St.Olaf College Northfeild, MN 55057

It's Alive #12 **** Starts off talking about how some people play for the love of music not for grrls, money, or fame, but because they love music and they won't sell that for any price. Interviews with Greg Ginn, Dave from Stalao 13/NOFX, Shawn from Youth Brigade, Mike Neider of Blackout. " The whole goal for ourselves is just play...just play' Has one of the best cut and paste layouts I've seen. Comes with a free poster and a pamphlet with tips for stagediving.
900 Azalea St. Oxnard, Ca 93030

Knotwork Fanzine #2 **** Starts off with a pretty introduction and goes into six zine writers, Rob Fish, Josh Trustkill, Kent McClard and a hardcore kid's view on sxe. A rant on capital punishment, homosexuality, death, interview with 4 walls falling. An article about the use of vandalism as revolution, alot of anti hardline literature. This guy Jon seems rather intimidated by the hardcore scene. He says that he doesn't understand the concept of feminism in hardcore. Well, reminding you readers that this is a man, he must not understand what its like to be a female in an all male scene. He thinks no one listens to him, no one surely listens to a female. They are the ones fighting a struggle that doesn't really exist. 5215 Westbrook Dr.Clifton Heights, Pa 19018

Dogprint #4 **** Did you know that shelter sold more records in a week than quicksand did in a year? I learned this from the Unbroken interview in this zine. There were, also, interviews with Rob from Endpoint, Railhead, and Paolo from SOA records. There are some sad writings about a certain x Grrlfriend, loneliness, friendship, and confusion. There are alot of record and zine reviews. Finally, there are several people's viewpoints on abortion including Rob Point, Adrienne of Spitboy, Darren of Railhead, and myself. All around well put together with a beautiful layout. po box 84 Suffern, NY 10901

Aardvark #9 ***** Interviews with D.O.A, Carmine, and House of Large sizes. A really cool article on MTV and its effects on music, media, politics, corporate warfare, and life in general. MTV is merely selling a product. A band can't produce a records unless they are good looking(nice packaging) so alot of good bands don't succeed. Voter turnout was much higher when MTV promoted Clinton to America's youth culture. An interview with a punk rocker from Yugoslavia. He talks about the political situation and the scene. Record and zine reviews plus a page that goes off on Glenn Danzig. The writer had a great sense of humor. pob 231 Northbrook, IL 60065-2381

Stifled #4 ***** Jocelyn wanted to make this issue less slick so she stuck to the handwritten thing because she believes there's more to zines than good packaging. She writes about a macrobiotic diet. Some of the results are astounding, though the diet seems very restrictive and bland. Record and zine reviews. Emo writing about X boyfriend, Liz Phair and how she is jealous of those she admires, competition with other females, sexual harassment. 215 elmore ave Woonsocket RI 02895

Underdog #11 ***** This is the spring issue all about computers and the internet. It gives simple explanation on how the internet system works. Also, it talks about the importance of the internet in punk rock. Since there are no laws regulating internet, communication is freely distributed world wide. 2252 N Elston Ave 2nd Chicago,IL 60614

Hope is the 3rd Sign of Defeat **** Well, its alot better than #1, I'll say that. Basically it tells stories about Jason, writer, going back home to his parents, getting depressed, ect. Its kind of funny in parts. Jason, I had no clue your mother is a lesbian. I would of never known. That is weird. 614 Jefferson St. NE Minneapolis MN 55413

Lookout #40 ***** This is an anniversary issue. It was packed with personal stuff and Larry was to afraid to pass it out at the Potatomen show. It s full of great stories about love, different geographical areas, life, politics, ect. We are lucky to have someone with so much life experience and intelligence in this crazy scene. Too many people are running around with their heads cut off. This zine rules. Lookout Records po box 11374 Berkeley, Ca 94712

Sound Off #6 ***** This is a newsprint zine which talks about various political issues in a very clear concise manner. Since you can actually understand what he is talking about the contents of this zine move you to want to stand up and do something. Features articles on freedom of religion, Nafta , PC bashing, ect ect. 3432 S 45th St. Milwaukee, WI 53219-4819

The Tribute ***** This has a really good interview with Jara, and mediocre interviews with Ashes and Bloodlet. Its written by a guy and the zine mostly seems to cover womyn's issues. Even the questions to the bands are related to womyn. I really admired this zine for what it had to say. Few men can be this understanding. 4200 center key rd #1114 winter park, Fl 32792

"Things will happen elsewhere. Things are always happening. It seems wherever you go there is drama. People are like lice-they get under your skin and bury themselves there. You can scratch and scratch until the blood comes, but you can't get permanently deloused. Everywhere I go people are making a mess out of their lives. Everyone has his private tragedy. It's in the blood now- misfortune, ennui, grief, suicide. The atmosphere is saturated with disaster, frustration, futility. Scratch and scratch-until there is no skin left. However, the effect upon me is exhilarating. Instead of being discouraged, or depressed, I enjoy it. I am crying for more and more disasters, for bigger and bigger calamities, for grander failures. I want the whole world to be out of whack, I want everyone to scratch himself to death."

-Henry Miller